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tions from a Romish altar will be stripped of their terrors, and descend as a "*brutum fulmen*." All that the government have to do is to act steadily, and without compromise; carry fearlessly into operation, a sound system of national education, and the people of Ireland will certainly accept of it, with future blessings on the hand that has held it forth to them.

The great deficiency of the Irish is in the quantum of educated labour that is amongst them; and therefore it is, that though the market is overstocked with gross, untrained, shall we say, brute labour, yet there is a lamentable deficiency in those minds and hands that are requisite to carry into effect the nicer operations of art, or agriculture, or manufacture. Labour is so cheap in Ireland, says the English capitalist of Leeds, or Manchester, or Birmingham, that we will set up a manufacture *there—it must succeed*. Alas! by and by, when he makes the experiment, he finds that the labour that is so cheap, is of no use to him; and as he must import his machinery and his coals, so, at the highest possible expense, he must import his handicraft-men and trustworthy-men, too. We ask any English or Scotch speculator who has commenced a factory in Ireland, whether what we say is not the case?

It is, then, essential that our people should be educated: educated up to trustworthiness—educated so as to be capable of productive labour—educated so as to have a respect for themselves—educated so as to acquire a religious restraint over their hitherto uncurbed passions—educated so as to acquire a dislike for secret association, and a respect for the law—educated so as to be able to know the boundaries beyond which a priest's power and influence, his threats and his promises, should not extend—educated so as to resemble the freeborn Scotchman, or Frenchman, or Swiss, or American—educated *not* for the meridian of Rome, or Madrid, or Lisbon, or Moscow, where, because men believe without reason, priests and inquisitors rule most unreasonably; no—let the Irish be treated as men, and educated as becomes Christian freemen, and Ireland will yet be the finest and fairest portion of the British empire.

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#### THOUGHTS ON QUITTING IRELAND.

On a wave-beaten rock, as I sat on the shore,  
And hark'd to the sound of the ocean's wild roar;  
I thought how the breast of that dark-rolling-sea  
Was the path which should bear me for ever from thee;  
And I thought how no more might the green ocean-spray  
Light the track of my vessel, or silver her way,  
Or my heart bless the breath of that favouring gale  
Which should wing the return of the wanderer's sail.  
But where'er my fate leads—o'er the blue ocean's wave—  
Where'er is the turf of my path or my grave—  
'Mong the hills or the wild glens—my spirit shall roam  
'Midst the rocks, dearest Erin, which shelter my home!

When the friends that are sleeping—(alas, that the brave  
And the loving must sleep in the gloom of the grave!)  
And bright eyes now faded—and smiles that are fled,  
Of the fond and the faithless, the living and dead—  
All come to my thoughts, as my soul wanders back  
In a gloomy review of what once was my track—  
O'er the past and the future my spirit shall roam,  
To the rocks, dearest Erin, which shelter my home!

ANNA.